

Lament

i once planted a feather
to see if it would grow into a bird.
(miracles have happened before.)

but it grew into an angel.

i never have any luck.

T'aint Polite To Be Poor

i tried to open the door quiet but she heard me.
Any luck, dear? she said. Well, no matter
We'll eat tonight anyway, she said.
Boiled brains.
she lifted the top of her head like a lid and a
cloud of steam arose ...

— Bernard R. Epps

Brooklyn, New York

There was one gray leaf
On one evening patch of sidewalk,
And around it
The concrete had drawn
A gentle circle of water.

In the next square
Was a puddle
Which was a mirror,
And inside leaped the wind,
Wild with the blood of trees.

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.